

## MIDWAY MEDICINE?

Like all frontier towns, Midway existed by faith, good fortune, and a bag full of "home cures", administered by faithful mothers and midwives. One of the most interesting remedies widely used in this area, was Snake Oil! That's right, good old fashioned RATTLESNAKE OIL!

In light of modern medicine miracles, it might cause a smile to appear on one's lips, but with the great harvest of rattlesnakes up Snake Creek Canyon (the location of the Wasatch State Golf Course), snake medicine was not only used, but retailed to the city folk in Salt Lake, Provo, and many other towns within merchandising range.

Consider, if you will before judging our Midway ancestors remedies, the following true story from the life of Clifford L. Provost:

Clifford was born in Midway, August 5, 1908, and as a young teenager, (note this is as recent as following World War I), suffered a severe hearing loss, with continued deterioration, resulting in a total loss of hearing for a period of one year. "Some one told his mother to render the fat of a rattlesnake and drop it in his ears. She did this and (also due to his great faith), he was healed and his hearing was restored." Maybe we don't know everything yet!

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## OLD HOME REMEDIES

**HEADACHES:** Soak a cloth with ice cold vinegar and pepper and place on the forehead. Renew often. Tie a flour sack around the head. Use a poultice of ground horseradish. Apply ice cold rags. Rub liniment on the forehead and sides of face.

**EARACHE:** Dissolve salt in lukewarm water and pour into ear. This dissolves wax which is causing pain. Hold head close to a lamp. Put warmed castor oil or sweet oil into ear and stuff with cotton. Bake an onion thoroughly. Peel off outer layers and keep just the heart. Put this deep into the ear and cover with a warm cloth.

**HEART TROUBLE:** Eat garlic, cooked or raw. Take root of bleeding heart flower, break it up and make a tea and drink it.

**TOOTHACHE:** Put vanilla flavoring on the tooth. It will kill the nerve. Bathe tooth with hot whiskey. Put a hot pan on your head.

**WARTS:** Put milkweed juice on it everyday, for two weeks. Tie a horsehair around wart. Rub warts with the skin of a chicken gizzard, then hide the skin under a rock. Warts will disappear. Wet finger and make a cross on wart. Cause the wart to bleed. Let a few drops fall on an old sock. Bury it and the wart will disappear.

**STOMACH TROUBLE:** Remove skin from the inside of a rooster gizzard. Dry slowly in oven and mash into a powder. Mix with elderberry wine and drink. Drink kraut juice left over from cooking. To settle your stomach, grind up some apple tree leaves and place in a rag. Put rag on your stomach.

**WORMS:** Worms hate garlic so eat a bulb everyday. Sugar and turpentine will rid a person of worms. Bake the shell of a hen's egg until it is brittle, then pulverize and mix with syrup. The particles will cut the worms into pieces.

for which thousands of vessels annually visit its harbor. Its four great sugar-manufactories turn out a yearly average of ninety thousand hundred weight; its two cotton factories employ more than 4,000 hands; and its merchants export every variety of sweet muscatel wines, from the celebrated "Lagrimas (tears) de Mantilla," and "Dulce," and a couple of

### CENTURIES OLD,

to the common fiery stuff, which is much too strong for the average American to sample with impunity. A very cheap and popular Malaga wine has this quality of burning strength imparted to it by being mixed with alcohol made from potatoes, immense quantities of which are imported from Germany, to the infinite detriment of consumers. Its alcoholic character, combined with the heat of the climate and national excitability, drives the drinkers crazy; and no doubt to its cheapness and consequent too liberal use, may be attributed most of the crimes which have given the place such an unenviable reputation.

With the charming prospect before us of a cross-country drive to Granada—the show-place pre-eminent of all the show-places in Spain—we were reconciled to another twenty-four hours of robbery in the expensive but comfortable Gran Hotel de la Roma, while waiting for the semi-weekly diligencia. Meantime there is quite enough of interest in Malaga to keep one all day out of doors in the sweet, warm sunshine; and the long nights en cassa come to an end at last, though sleep is murdered by lusty generations of vermin, vile odors in viler combinations, and the street-racket of bedlam let loose. The Graeco-Roman cathedral, which—by reason of extraordinary size and height dominates the town and is seen far out to sea, is rendered the more conspicuous by its walls of bright red sandstone, while all the other buildings are of dingy grays and yellows. It was begun sometime in the sixteenth century, but is not yet completed, and probably never will be. Architect after architect, through four hundred years, has added his quota of disfigurement; until now the vast pile, with its medley of in-harmonious designs, bedaubed inside with innumerable coats of whitewash, presents a painful example of all the defects of the worst periods in art. Its western front has two towers, one shooting up, telescope fashion, three

of brilliant flowers mantle every wall and purple "Judas" blossoms leap from tree to tree across the road, making miles of shady arbor. Everywhere white villas nestle among the trees. The most delicious odors fill the air, and the laborers in the vineyards are dressed in snowy white. At every hamlet you see picturesque groups of peasants, all beautiful of face, in spite of rags and dirt, with olive skins, dark eyes, and a certain indescribable haughtiness combined with gracious courtesy, truly Spanish. The muleteers

### WEAR GAUDE BLANKETS

and leather leggings; and the teamster short velvet jackets covered with embroidery, and wide calico drawers reaching not quite to the knees.

The best raisins in the world come from barren elevations where only a few inches of soil conceal the rock. The vines are planted upon terraces built up of stones, and are fertilized with loam brought from the valley below. The estates to which these vineyards belong are the most valuable in the kingdom and have been in the same families for centuries. Vines are still bearing abundantly that are known to be more than three hundred years old. They are not trained upon stakes or trellises, but are allowed to follow their own sweet will; and the gnarled and twisted stalks, only two or three feet high, and often eighteen inches in diameter, would never be recognized elsewhere as grape-vines. The vintage begins about the middle of September and lasts six weeks. It is a popular festival and is celebrated with

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